this direction. Here again they are the "walking dead". I got the idea that I might entitle the section on Bone "The Land of the Walking Dead". When I described the amusements of New York City to Andi he said that he would die there because of the lack of rest or sleep. But the old Sulewatang and the others were evidently fascinated by, for example, ice dancing. And the movies are always the big attraction. But Thierens told me that most of the people did not like to leave Bone. His boy, for example, when asked if he would like to go to Sengkang, makes up excuses. Thierens said it is because of the old fear of war, enslavement, etc. If so, Andi and the others do not say so. It is a closed world, and evidently the outside is really the outside.

As for the disappearance of old customs, the trend is general and there is not much to say. The death punishment is no longer used here. The calendar system used is the common one and the people asked knew nothing, and this even included the guru, about the Mohammedan or other calendric systems. They said the only regular feasts are Lebaran and Lebaran Hadji and Ramadan. The cycle of life feasts are birth, sunat [circumcision], Mohammedan confirmation, marriage, birth [of a child], and death. That is all. They knew nothing about the rice mother and have no rice feasts that I could find out about, and no memories of them. As for the old people mourning at the disappearance of the old ways, there is said to be little concern. (In Makassar I did find some.) Evidently there is so little change here that there is no reason for concern. And they are the walking dead anyway.

Second trip to Pampanua for the birth feast with padjoge: I went over Saturday afternoon with Andi, two children, and two friends, together with the Mado Bukaka (the kepala kampong). The Sulewatang said that he had had no sleep all of the previous night. There were thousands of guests, three buffalo had been killed and were being eaten, and hundreds of women were working at the preparation of different kinds of food. I asked Thierens later who paid for this, and he said the people. The padjoge dance until dawn if there is any demand. They can go on and on. There were long lines of men eating. No women were visible as they were in the rear part of the house, some peeping out. There is not much new, except that they called the young lad who was a bus chauffeur. He is an ordinary kampong boy with lower third grade schooling. But he had made a movie machine from bicycle parts, etc. He bought a lens in Makassar for f. 25 and uses a flashlight. Where there was no metal for tubing he used bamboo cleverly. The apparatus is hand-turned

176 with ingenious gears, and two spools. It also has a circular shutter in front, and is fantastically clever. The Sulewatang
●401 and Andi both said it was a great pity that he had no training.
403 He is a fine lad. He had three rolls of old newsreels and
874 travel pictures and showed them after someone lent him a few batteries. One of the films was broken. Evidently he is called upon to show the same old films quite often and as a result they are wearing out. I was quite impressed with the Sulewatang's and Andi's strong statement regarding the lack of schools for such men here. Later I told Thierens, and he said he would see if he could not send the lad to Makassar for training. His machine really works well. He even has a wheel for a string arrangement if he gets a small motor. It reminded me of the old man in Balombaru who had made a match head cap pistol for his son and also a model Makassarese prau, with a propeller, with an auxiliary motor rigged up from an alarm clock. It could run over a hundred meters. There is certainly technical skill here that could be developed.

565 We left the party and the Sulewatang came with us to stay
574 at the local Sulewatang's house (Kepala wanua Tumurun,
431 which he was formerly). This lad, a young and quite bright
156 fellow, is his nephew. He was going to visit the Aru Tau in Watumpone, where his wife had recently given birth to a child. They evidently visit around with fellow nobles a lot, and this takes up much of their time. I tried to bring the Kepala kampong into the conversation at the Sulewatang Tumurun's house, where he was sitting to one side. However, the two uppers would not let me. They were uninterested in the Kepala kampong. This peculiar disregard for any human qualities in preference to rank is a pain to me. The old Sulewatang asked me to show him United States currency. I was sure he would want some for a souvenir. He asked me to get him a nylon shirt from the United States. I think it is because he has always been used to asking for what he could get for nothing from the poor people here. These nobles have only to ask for things from the masses and the latter dare not refuse (honor?).

6096 Incidental: The Sulewatang said that the kampong where the feast is being held was not a former fugitive kampong, as Andi had told me. But at any rate they evidently had such kampongs at one time as both of them knew about the matter.